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A SEARCH LIGHT

A Criticism of the Illinois Medical Practice Act

In Its Relation to Spirit Healers.

An Address Delivered

BY DR. ROBERT GREER

On the Rostrum of The Progressive Thinker to Its 40,000 Readers.

There is now a movement on foot among our spiritual brethren in the East, having for its object the immediate repeal of all existing unconstitutionally state medical legislation which does not in any way interfere with the professional freedom of the spiritual physician or phenomenal healer.

The spirit of the movement declares that it is time for all true Spiritualists to join forces and unite in solid phalanx against the onward march of medical legislation that threatens to ostracize the spirit healer, and hold him or her up to ridicule and scorn—for, by this class legislation, the spirit healer has been much abused and deeply injured. Law for all engaged in healing should be just alike, and spirit healers should be classed side by side with other healers before the law.

Members of the medical profession, we, as spirit healers, do not envy you; we rather respect and honor you for your moral worth and scholarly attainments, for your high aspirations and noble efforts in seeking to alleviate human ills, but we would ask: Do medical laws give us knowledge or wisdom we do not possess, or do medical laws make us honest and conscientiously appreciate the responsibility of our position as custodians of the public health? The clamor for laws to govern the medical profession is an evident acknowledgment of professional weakness, or low state of professional development, somewhere.

You, my 40,000 readers, are all aware of the existence of the Illinois State Medical Law, and how it was made to operate against a multitude of gifted persons, many of whom had attained high distinction in the healing art, but who had to step down and out, because they had no diploma save the imperishable one of an inherited faculty, treasured up in the conservatories of a fertile brain.

Indeed, it was plainly evident that in the Illinois State Medical Law was made in the interests of a great medical monopoly and the virtual destruction of the genuine healer.

Who ever thought such discordant elements as the allopathic, homeopathic and eclectic physician could ever unite for any given purpose, for in materia medica or therapeutics are they not diametrically opposed to each other, and hostile and vindictive?

It would be indeed marvelous strange were such a heterodox medley of doctors to consolidate for any other purpose, save to crush and extinguish an independent rival. Such an unholy alliance is unprecedented. Every law ever enacted in the interests of any combination pales before this law for simple justice, and as a citizen and physician, of the State of Illinois, I am opposed to it.

I am opposed to the Medical Practice Act of this State, because it conflicts with general law and affects human rights and human liberties, and because it is made in the interests of one party to the injury of another. Without any good reason it gives to one class of physicians a superiority or monopoly over another class of physicians equally worthy.

The ostensible object of the Illinois Medical Practice Act was the utter demotion of quackery, but the reverse is the case, for it will be seen that the same kind of quackery that existed before the law, exists now under the law.

Indeed, quackery is not yet dead in the State, and I am of opinion the medical profession cannot kill it without committing suicide, for I consider any system depending solely on drugging for the cure of disease is quackery, whether that quackery be in or out of medical monopolies, endowed colleges, or chartered institutions.

All bad of mean acts in physic are quackery, and there is a great amount of quackery in the world, and a very small share of legitimate practice.

I know that a so-called regularly educated physician does not like to be classed among quacks on account of receiving a certain routine of medical knowledge; but when his medical knowledge of disease is at fault, and he is ignorant of both its cause and its cure, as he is in almost all pestiferous and specific diseases, and in a multitude of other diseases, which he has no control, having no specific remedy for such a disease, yet experimenting and speculating with perhaps a thousand different things to find a remedy, but finding none, and his treatment fails, he is only trifling with human existence. Then however mild-mannered or grave-looking or generally respected he may be, he is as much a quack as any other, and I am compelled to class him where he belongs. I cannot find any other name for him at present, and if by the new medical law, the originators of the law will have nobody to blame but themselves.

Medical connoisseurs and medical celebrities, whose presence would be a

benefaction of healing, have existed from time immemorial, but notwithstanding their great light and intelligence, their ardent zeal and love for the healing art, and their great antiquity, they are all widely varied and divergent in their opinions as to what is best for humanity, or as to who is the true physician.

Most human diseases are complicated and obscure as ever. Medical facilities fail to reach an unanimous conclusion in regard to some of the most common diseases, and hardly any two physicians can be found who agree alike in the same remedy. The consequences are tinkering—tinkering—to the great discomfiture and injury of the human race. Some wiseacres have said that if there was not a single physician, apothecary, druggist or drug on the face of the earth, there would be less sickness than now obtains.

In way of illustration I will relate a queer story they tell about the doctors in a certain town in Texas, who were all away last summer to attend a convention. They were away about two months, and on their return found all their patients had recovered, the drug stores had closed, the nurses had opened dancing schools, the cemetery was cut up into building lots, the undertakers had gone to making fiddles, and the hearses had been painted and sold for a circus wagon. But to be brief, I regard the Illinois Medical Practice Act as a sharp practice act, a trick and device not merely to weed out quackery, but a pretext or subterfuge to manipulate a "corner" in the medical interests of the State, and I regard the originators thereof as a band of cowardly conspirators.

By this combination or medical conspiracy the entire medical interests of the State are virtually throttled and made to deliver to a comparatively small number of persons, who, afraid of the laws of competition, and to absorb more territory, and so double their duca, bulldozed the administration and captured a monopoly, which monopoly is a dishonor alike to the State and the medical profession—whose forfeiture of public respect thereby, will have only begun with their victory, and I predict the day will arrive when the originators and supporters of this crowning monopoly will discover that professional injustice is the surest way to professional downfall. And I predict, too, that it remains with Spiritualism to develop a system of medical teaching and a race of healers, which shall have no superiors, and although now without pomp or banner, we will yet be a power in the land.

And so I regard the Illinois Medical Practice Act, a foul conspiracy to elevate one class of physicians, and an infernal scheme to degrade another, usually worthy by natural heritage, intellectual progress, progressive method of cure, practical results, reputation and character.

Those who may doubt the relative ability or comparative difference between the State doctor and his independent rival, may refer to the records of the Board of Health and examine the tabulated vital statistics exhibited in our annual mortality reports, and they will find the ratio of deaths occurring under the heroic treatment of the State "medicine man" utterly disproportionate to the number of deaths occurring under the mild-power treatment of the spirit healer.

For instance, and by way of illustration, when I was summoned in 1882, before the State Medical Board of Health, to inquire what authority I had to practice medicine, many were the inquiries put, and this enquiry among the rest (sarcastically, of course): "Doctor, do you practice venery?" The answer was: "No, they never die on my hands,"—declaring that during a practice of twenty years I had had as many as one hundred thousand patients, and that I never lost a single patient by death. I said I had never been once called upon to sign a death certificate, for no patient ever died on my hands. And why, you may ask, because when persons present themselves for treatment to me, I can tell by a keen, searching intuition, distinct, whether they are long or short lived, and as to the possibility of a cure. If I perceive the case an incurable one, or of a doubtful nature, I refuse to take charge of that case, and so when that patient comes to die, he does not die on my hands, he dies on the hands of another physician. And this is generally the experience of most spirit healers. So here I think the public will find a ready solution to the perplexing problem and disputed question of relative skill and superiority of rival physicians.

The medical law in question ignores natural talent and natural adaptation in a useful, honorable and profitable avocation, when it hinders the work of the natural or spiritual healer, and it deprives the State of a large amount of excellent sanitarian service, and simply because the House of Assembly of the State of Illinois was blinded into an righteous discrimination in behalf of a malicious foe, against a long established generous rival.

Better the General Assembly had allowed medical science and medical enterprise to stand or fall upon their own ability, the medical profession to fight their own battles, and the people to be judged by a legislature, and the only exclusive monopoly of the kind in the State, and no capital invested for the barter of any new public utility or privilege. No manufacture of any new life-booy or life-preservers, or other life-saving machinery! No new patent bought nor any to sell, to change or improve human nature!

Truly there is something refreshingly cool and impudent in the claims and clamor of this Medical Trades Union Company! Next special class legislation, I suppose, will be in favor of some self-important, antiquated order of avicious undertakers, bootblacks, tailors or washermen, certain privileges and immunities are granted one class of citizens, why not unto another? If, for example, unto doctors of medicine, why not unto doctors of divinity, and so get up a "corner" in the service of worship, or if monopolies are granted unto a greedy, grasping clique of medicine men, why not unto an avicious clique of the demi-monde on the same broad and liberal principle? The only requisite necessary being an irrepressible proclivity at money-making, or a passionate desire to bounce a rival.

State laws, you know, must not be partial. In a word, the new Medical Practice Act in this State is an infamous creation, and a very fit subject for investigation by a grand jury.

It is a malicious trespass, a willful invasion of sacred domain, and a monstrous blunder.

It is the culmination of a fiendish plot to disarm, disband and persecute the true healers, under pretence of protecting the people from quackery.

Without any evidence, pro or con, it dictates a belief or unbelief in certain medical distinctions, implying thereby that one class of physicians will save, and another destroy.

The new Medical Practice Act is indeed in its nature and character unlike, and you might explore all the statutes of human injustice in the State of Illinois, and you could not find another like it.

It virtually declares that the people of the State of Illinois are mostly fools, because not competent in the choice of a physician, to judge for themselves, or if they are, they shall have no choice, but be compelled to patronize only a certain class of physicians, however repulsive they may be—and it moreover virtually declares that if the people of Illinois don't like it, they can leave the State just as soon as they please, or remain there where they are and die as leaves die, without a physician.

The new Illinois law is also an anti-Christian law, for it ignores the divine gift of healing, and renders obsolete the healing power of biblical authority possessed by thousands in the State, outside the medical ring, and administered by the same ancient Oriental method of "laying on of hands," etc.

This charming State law virtually inscribes over every door in the empire State of the West, a voice of warning in words to the following effect:

Inauguration of a medical oligarchy! Installation of a medical hierarchy! Reign of terror! Spiritual healers beware! Persecution of one class of physicians by another class of physicians! A formidable rival decapitated and viewed in the light of a martyr!

The medical interests of this family are the sole property of the favorite State doctors!

All wisdom is with us, and it is our prerogative, according to usage and recent law in our behalf, to experiment with deadly drugs, and when we happen to kill, as we often do, by over doses, we must not be questioned, and if we kill more than we cure, we are justified by a diploma, or State license; therefore, if any of you spirit healers, of whom we are very jealous, enter here, with magic cures to cut us out in the face of this prohibition, you do so at your peril. We care not that you know that this State medical law is subterfuge to control and RULE the medical bonanza of the State, and to ruin and blacken the character of the spirit healers. Such indeed was the origin and animus of the Medical Practice Act, and hence its pains and penalties upon all offenders.

In conclusion, I argue not for myself, for by the inevitable law of nature I shall soon be exempt (bordering as I am on my 70th year), nor do I ask for partiality for spirit healers, much less a monopoly, but I plead for a principle, and I contend that our professional healers have not been dealt fairly with, and that they even now have a right to demand that they be appreciated, or at least treated with due consideration, both as regards their own account, and that of a large element of the population of the State, (people who are capable of judging) who are daily imploring our valuable services.

A Noted Medium.

On Madison street, opposite Loomis, the famous medium, Miss Lottie Fowler, is at present residing. One of the reasons for her presence in this city is that she was a sufferer from blood-poisoning, and came to this country for a change of climate. She is recovering, and looks hopefully forward, basing her hope on her past achievements. She is very talkative, and still possesses considerable spiritual power. She has a high opinion of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER. Like most if not all public mediums, she does not appear to have been able to retain much of this world's goods. Is it not strange that the spirit forces should deem it necessary to deny their instruments more than a hand-to-mouth existence when they also give us to understand that the greater the harmony the better the results? Surely, a medium who has to worry about material things must lose something in spirituality. But, then, it does not follow that comfortable material surroundings will be accompanied by high spirituality. We must suffer ourselves before we can fully sympathize with others, and by selfishness only can we make any decided advance.

A. S.



GUARD THE SCHOOLS. Bulwarks of Free Suffrage Must Be Maintained.

PATRIOTISM OF PEACE AS IMPORTANT AS THAT SHOWN IN WAR—IF FREE SUFFRAGE IS TO BE SUCCESSFUL IT MUST BE BASED ON INTELLIGENCE—ILLITERACY THE FERTILE MOTHER OF POVERTY—PRACTICAL RESULTS OF EDUCATION IN PUBLIC AND PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS—PRESERVING NATIONAL LANGUAGE INTACT.

If a hostile fleet should suddenly appear in Hampton Roads, or a foreign foe should insult the stars and stripes, a million patriots would rise as one man to defend their country and avenge the insult, though death were the price of patriotism. We often seem to forget, however, that there is a patriotism of peace as well as of war—a patriotism that should seek, not with the clat of martial honors, but unobtrusively and silently, it may be to strengthen and deepen and broaden the foundations of the republic. It is the patriotism that knows full well that a great State or commonwealth with a universal suffrage can rest securely only upon the intelligence and good morals of its people, and that illiteracy is the fertile mother of poverty and crime. This patriotism realizes that with the large black and white illiterate belt south of Mason and Dixon's line, and a constantly-increasing illiterate belt north of the same line, the maintenance of our public-school system in its integrity is the maintenance of the best national safeguard we possess to secure an intelligent suffrage.

When we remember that in our sixty-five millions of population we have nearly twenty-two millions of foreign born and their immediate descendants, and only about 630,000 of these are below Mason and Dixon's line; when we remember that children of foreign-born parents are now born in our large cities who, when called into courts of justice, have to be sworn through an interpreter, when we remember that with every influx of immigrants there is a constantly-defined tendency to concentrate in communities of separate and often historically-hostile nationalities, with even a decided aversion to learning the national language; when we remember that many of the more recent immigrants are unable to read or write their native languages and are thus socially and politically the easy prey of demagogues of their own nationalities, who far from inspiring them with a love of patriotism for their adopted country, often use their illiteracy and superstition to make them the enemies of all government; when we remember how rapidly a foreign press is growing in our cities, almost every nationality among us being represented by its own newspapers, printed in its own language, and throwing its own peculiar national side lights upon every municipal, State or national issue; when we remember that there is a rapidly-growing parochial school system in which these nationalities are taught in their native languages; and when we remember that this foreign press and the parochial schools are the most potent means that could be devised to isolate these nationalities and prevent their Americanization; and finally, when we remember that according to our last census, nearly thirty per cent of our present alien population can neither speak nor read the English language, surely we can hardly overestimate the importance of our public schools as the best Americanizing and nationalizing and naturalizing influence that can be brought to bear upon these elements of our population.

SOME THREATENING ELEMENTS.

It should be remembered also that the large majority of the immigrants who have been coming to us during the last twelve years have come mainly from those countries where the social and political forces are tending toward disintegration, where large standing armies are required not only to preserve peace among nations, but to hold in check the constant uprisings of socialist forces, which, born of despotism, oppression and poverty, are a constant menace to the peace of continental Europe. And it should be noted that the present trend in America under these transplant socialist teachings is toward State rights in reforms as well as politics, and the more radical the socialism the more it tends toward disintegration in

the State and commonwealth. One cannot help asking the question: "Whither are we drifting so far from the nobly-conceived ideals of Hamilton and Washington?"

An Italian who was sworn before the Ford Investigating committee of the Senate, and who had been in America two years, when asked through the interpreter whether he had a king or president, said he had a king, and he could not tell whether he was born in the northern or southern part of Italy. And there was no exception to the long list of foreigners sworn before that committee. Now it must be patent to all that men who have thus come here as adults illiterate, and because of their pitiable condition of mental servitude, incapable of understanding the first principles of representative government, will be a menacing element in our political life until the ability to read and write the national language is made a universal test for citizenship.

The State or commonwealths manifestly have the right to require that the children of these immigrants shall be educated in the national language, as future citizens of the commonwealths. Just here the State is met by two objectors. The parent, illiterate himself, may have no appreciation of the value of an education for his child, and may have no ambition for his child beyond following his own calling—peddling bananas, working in sweat-shops, making cigars or selling beer.

He will use every subterfuge, to evade a compulsory education law, or the compulsory law on child labor, in order to keep his children earning nickels when they should be in school learning the first principles of good citizenship. This objector is seconded by his spiritual adviser, who claims that his church should have complete control or supervision of the education of these children, either in parochial schools or in schools supported by public funds. This implied censure of the public schools is unpatriotic, and the covert attempt toward the establishment of a religion by getting control of our educational system is a direct blow at the first amendment of our constitution.

It should be remembered that the largest number of our immigrants during the last twelve years are from the native countries of these two classes of objectors. And we are already beginning to feel the results, as in the last election in Illinois, where the public-school question was made the dominant issue.

We may yet learn, too late, that the massing of foreign votes within a commonwealth against its institutions may be a far greater peril than the massing of an enemy's bayonets without. In a city like Chicago, where, according to the last census, the population numbers only 223,206 of native parentage, while 262,530 are foreign born or the immediate descendants of foreign parents, 450,066 being foreign born, the maintenance of public schools in the national language and providing ample facilities for the instruction of all the children in the municipality is obviously one of the best safeguards for the city. It is a well-known fact that there are large foreign communities in Chicago in which the children never attend the public schools and know nothing of the English language except the slang and ribaldry they learn in its filthiest streets, physically and morally. Under the plea that there are not accommodations for them in the public schools, either they are brought up entirely illiterate, or are sent for a few weeks to parochial schools taught in their native languages.

VALUE OF PUBLIC EDUCATION.

It is a fact worthy of comment that in the report just issued of the Commission of Labor of Illinois it is stated that the office employes, the foremen and those working as operatives in the better class of industries received their education in the public schools, while those working in the sweat-shops, cigar factories, rag factories and meat packing establishments, had received what education they possess in parochial schools. According to this report, the public schools furnish the more intelligent operatives for the better class of industries.

The recent discussion in the Chicago Board of Education concerning what the Tribune rightly called "fads, humbug, and foreign languages," illustrates well the mistaken conception of the functions of our public schools, even among those chosen to direct them because of their supposed knowledge of

such functions. It was argued that because a large class of the patrons were of one nationality, therefore, that foreign language should be taught in all the school grades.

This assumption that a foreign language should be taught in our public schools because many of the children are of that parentage, is based upon an entirely erroneous conception of the functions of the public schools. The public school is not a philanthropic institution, first of all, though indirectly it is so. It is not instituted to give the people what they severally desire, but what the State needs. It is not established to teach foreign languages to foreigners, but to teach the national language as the language required in all official relations between the commonwealth and its citizens.

It is established as a defense or safeguard for the commonwealth, to insure an intelligent suffrage, and that end can only be subserved when the child, without reading into the ballot-box no more exercises the right of suffrage in its true sense than a monkey who could be as easily taught the same trick. He may be voting to his own harm or the ruin of the State, under the direction of the demagogue or boss who puts the ballot in his hand.

The repeal of the compulsory education law, however, was only a question of time in a State like Illinois, where the foreign born and their immediate descendants already outnumber those of native parentage. The question now is: Are the parochial schools to gradually supplant the public schools and thus bring about a disintegration in our educational system, which will be but the beginning of our perils? This is a question of patriotism, not of politics. Grant's magnificent speech at Des Moines for our public schools ought to be printed and kept in type in every newspaper office in the commonwealth printed in the national language. This defiant personal libertyism which says: "I have a right to do what I please, drink all I please, educate my children or not, or how I please, carry a red flag, black flag, or any other flag I please," is the argument of the anarchist and not of the patriot. And the sooner the patriot gives this anarchist, whatever his political name, to understand that this is a nation founded upon the intelligent ideals of Hamilton and Washington, strengthened in every bulwark by Lincoln and Grant, and their victories for justice, and which, if need be, will be protected in the integrity of its institutions by every drop of patriotic blood inherited from Bunker Hill, Gettysburg and Shiloh—the sooner we shall reach the hour when we may begin the greatest task ever set before a people—viz., the forming of a great and homogeneous nation out of the many fragments of diverse and even hostile nationalities.

It required ten centuries for the invasion of Rome by the hordes from the north to make out from that chaos of tribal fragments a homogeneous nation and cement it forever. How many centuries will it take to form a great and homogeneous nation out of the conglomeration of fragments of every nation on the globe—fragments taken, too, not always from the highest national types, but often from the lowest? One thing is certain: We shall not be able even to begin this task until we cease to flatter national vanities or appeal to national prejudice, by recognizing as German-Americans, or Irish-Americans, or Polish-Americans, or Italian-Americans, etc., those who should honor their oath of allegiance and that of their fathers by being willing to call themselves simply Americans. If we shall ever become a homogeneous nation, it will be by a national public school system taught in the national language, and long years of a common national history, out of which shall spring a common national literature and a common patriotism.

RENA MICHAELS ATCHISON.

A Witch of the Nineteenth Century.

This serial, now running through THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER is highly interesting. We send the back chapters free to all new subscribers. Paper will be sent three months for 25 cents.

In the hill country of India and Tibet the inhabitants pray by means of machines. A strip of paper or parchment containing a prayer many times repeated is wound around a cylinder about the size of a boy's top. A string is fastened to this, and attached to the other end is a stick by which the cylinder is whirled. Every turn is supposed to indicate the repetition of the prayer, as many times as it is written on the paper. In some of the temples, the prayer cylinders are of enormous size, and a fee is paid for being permitted to turn them. In various places water and wind are used as the propelling power, and the suppliant goes in and pays for so many revolutions, receiving credit in an account-book and being notified when his prayers have been offered.

A PEN PICTURE

Of the Columbian Fair.

By Hudson Tuttle.

There never was anything created by the inventive mind of man comparable to the dream city by the shores of beautiful Lake Michigan.

Let the critic carp as he will, the fact remains of a success which is well-nigh perfect. When one first enters the grounds there comes a sense of the vastness of the enterprise—the magnitude of the design—that is overwhelming. The architecture is perfect in conception and execution and the plans have been carried out in detail with a completeness of eye for the beautiful which is simply marvellous. It may safely be said that no other city in the world would have done what Chicago has for the making of the Fair. The occasion has been one to call out all the intensity of Western energy, and great outlay of money. Not only had the buildings, the largest ever erected in the world, to be completed in a limited time, but means of transporting, lodging and feeding the multitude provided. Chicago has shown herself adequate to all demands, and the proud consciousness of her strength ought not to be considered vainglorious. It has taken all the ages since the dawn of history to make the Columbian Fair. All ages and races are represented. From the flint arrow-head to the immense Krupp gun, from the antique canoe of the Pacific to the magnificent steel war-ship, from the bark-covered wigwag to the gilded palace, from the coarse grass-cloth to the sheen of silk and transparent muslin, all degrees of perfection are represented.

The *Zuni* woman is there, making her cake out of meal she grinds with a stone, and the milk of Minnesota are represented by their wonderful processes of making flour white as snow.

The cart with its yoked oxen is placed by the side of the first engine, and beyond is the ponderous locomotive of the latest style, with the strength of a thousand oxen, and engines tireless as the forces of nature.

After repeated visits to the Fair one has an overwhelming sense of the utter impossibility to give a detailed description that will convey anything like an adequate idea of the magnitude and diversity of the exhibits. When one enters the vast buildings and sees how the nations have brought their best in the grand competition; that it is no longer, as in times past, the agencies of destruction, but the results of creative skill, that triumph; not the sword, but the loom, the forge, the farm, the manufactory; not the destroyer, but the creator; there comes a proud consciousness of the glory of the present age, and a promise of that welcome time when war shall no longer menace with its savage horrors, and the entire energies of mankind be turned to the cultivation of the arts of peace. In this generous rivalry it is difficult to believe that the great European peoples who are here like brothers, confront each other at home with armies and bristling fortresses, ready at any moment to employ the terrible engines of destruction modern invention has placed in their hands.

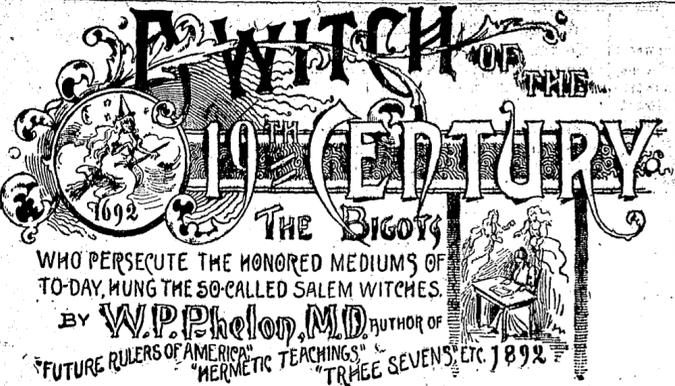
All nations are represented, and the study of their peculiarities can be made of deep interest. Yesterday was tropically warm, and the Esquimaux rebelled against wearing their furs, and were evidently suffering from heat. To-day a cold wind is blowing from the lake and they are happy, but the Japanese are tortured, and sit in their bamboo houses shivering with cold and complaining of the weather. After all man's boasting he is a creature of climate and geography. In looking over the exhibits this is forcibly impressed on the understanding. The material which is furnished determines the creation of arts as much as it does with birds the structure of their nests. The beach-bird builds its nest of sand and pebbles, and the wood bird of twigs. The nest of the bird, the intricate ornaments of feathers of the wondrous plumage the Indian gratifies his artistic tastes; with the poor material of bear's teeth, deer horn and wood. The work of years is given to the ornamentation of a spear handle or belt. The Greeks were given the most perfect material in their marble for sculpture, and to that accident as much as their incomparable genius, the world is indebted for the unsurpassed ideals of the human form.

All are here, from the feather robe of an Aztec king, each feather of which cost the life of a bird, to the exquisite marble that seems to pulsate with the thoughts of the artist. Here is the belt which the South Sea Island belle, with incredible patience, weaves from fiber and shells, and a mantle of a daughter of the West, unable to purchase the coveted sealskins, fashions from the gray feathers of the prairie grouse.

Down by the lake front are the three ships of Columbus, grotesque in their clumsy forms and appliances. A little way, and the *White Star* line exhibits the models of their magnificent ocean grey-hounds, whose lines conform to the most perfect demonstrations of science, reducing resistance to a minimum and power to its maximum.

In the buildings devoted to "Man and His Works," are displayed the weapons of war of the prehistoric races, in endless profusion, from the stone flake, the flint arrow-head, the spear with aged iron with shark's teeth, copper and iron; countless forms of instruments

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CHAPTER IX.

A few days later this father sits, in a distant city, by himself, in an elegantly appointed suite of apartments in whose fittings, evidently regardless of cost, exquisite taste and luxurious desire had spared no detail, although located in a large hotel. As the building is his, these rooms were designed and fitted up with special reference to his own occupancy. They are on the upper floor, in an angle, which receives the smallest amount of the incident wave of sound always breaking against the blocks of a great city. Moreover the elevation is such that the roar and rattle intrude only in a faint, far-off murmur. Thus was the solitude of a desert-place secured even in the tossing turmoil of a surging, crowded business mart, whose crowds are utterly regardless of the things which most nearly concern their real welfare.

The hotel people thought it a little queer he should thus seclude himself, and prefer the solitude to the busy tidal flow of the lower floors; but that was his own concern, and they did not presume that the payment of rent entitled them to the privilege of asking any unnecessary or personal questions in regard to matters that were wholly private. It is true there is no place of concealment equaling a large city for its completeness. But the servants said he had not been quite right since his wife died and his daughter disappeared. The rooms, three in number—sitting room, library and sleeping apartment—were, as we have already stated, tastefully and harmoniously fitted with a special regard for the unities and missing of colors and forms. They were scrupulously cared for by his own special servant, a son of Ham of most decided color, whose fidelity knew no doubt; but though on duty constantly in the daytime, no sum in gold paid down would have induced him to pass a night within their walls.

"Ole marse is good—never was better than he," he said; "but dis nigga no business with what he knows."

But cunningly concealed from questioning eyes and tongues, in the space occupied by the inner divisions and the outside walls, was a small room five feet by seven. The entrance to this no man knew save the present owner and occupant. Here daily, save when the full-moon meetings were held, either the physical or astral form of the Master was present.

As he sits now musing, thinking of things not lawful to utter, even in the lowest whisper, lest the ever-moving thought currents of the Universe transplant some prolific germ to a fertile mind, which, seizing hold upon suggested possibilities could, through selfish manipulation, make the world worse, the little clock on the mantel, with a sweet thrill of bird-notes, announces the hour of twelve midnight. He rises, throws off his dressing-gown, and robes himself in a white linen stole, with flowing sleeves, reaching to the floor, puts upon his feet a pair of glass slippers, and a belt of some dark, flexible material is clasped about his waist. On one side of the room, painted upon a large tablet of ivory, is a full-length portrait of the lovely girl who has gone hence into the silent world. He approaches it, touches a spring, and the whole tablet opens into the room, disclosing the secret chamber already mentioned. At the instant of opening a brilliant light flashed out, relieving a previous darkness. The floor is of glass, the walls are constructed of plates of metal in some order of sequence continued through the whole series. In the full light they shine with a polish undimmed by the action of the atmosphere. The roof was arched in an elliptical outline. In the exact center was an easy chair of glass, standing on a glass platform, raised from the floor-level by a single step, but the seat, back and arms of the chair were upholstered in white silk.

The Master stepped into the room, the panel-door, as if closed by invisible hands, swung softly to as he advanced to the chair and seated himself. Every step he made on the polished floor was attended with curious coruscations of phosphorescent light and resonant crackle, as if one were walking on a thin metallic surface which yielded to the pressure of the weight. When seated, directly before him fixed in the wall was a circular metal mirror, three feet in diameter, made of an amalgam covered with glass, known to the wise ages and ages ago. He fixes his eyes upon the mirror, and the powers of his mind draw at once toward himself all that belongs to him, hitherto scattered through all the channels of Universal communication. Over the face of the mirror comes an intense blackness, which completely obscures it. It was as if the mirror had, for the time, been entirely removed from the wall. This slowly breaks away, unfolding from the center; then as the surface becomes visible once more, six forms are seen clearly mirrored upon its surface. At first indistinct, they finally come out clearly defined on this wonderful tressel-board. The faces are those of the "mystic brotherhood," who, *ad interim*, meet thus on the astral plane for consultation. The sign of greeting is exchanged, then the Master asks, audibly: "What know ye, my brothers, of interest to the visible brotherhood?"

direct resistance from the keepers and guardians, who, like the flaming sword of Genesis, keep off the timid and weak. Bulwer tells us of a "dweller on the threshold," and all writers who write from knowledge always intimate what may be expected by the explorer into untried regions.

There was also a singular difference between the action of Elsie and her companions in passing into the hypnotic state. Her associates all seemed to surrender passively to the guidance of the master will without volition of their own, as one submits to be blindfolded and led by another. But Elsie, simply by the force of her own will, appeared to consent or comply with the request of the Master, and whatever she did on the psychic plane was with the full sense of self-consciousness. This explanation seems necessary in view of what followed. The old professor often looked steadily at her in a sort of dazed way, but whatever he saw he did not confide to anyone else.

The whole class had so progressed in the language of the silence, that the not commonly known as thought transference had become an almost perfect occurrence, and the visible presence was not needed for knowledge of each other.

The second year of Elsie's school-term had closed, bringing commendation and honor to her as an exceptional and brilliant student. She returned to her Western home for the long vacation. We must now turn our thoughts to the other actors in this other tale.

CHAPTER X.

Let us return to that lonely house which we have before described in these pages. It is again time for the regular meeting of the terrible seven. It is deemed desirable by the companions that those who have been under the professor's training should be summoned to the assembly. The room in which we saw at our last visit the casket and the machinery for noting the lapse of time has been removed, and in its place stand now, on a half ellipse, seven chairs—three on each side of the presiding brother. In the focus of this curve stands a huge globe of glass, three feet in diameter, resting in a set of brazen claws, which bear it aloft from the floor. Other than these no furnishings are visible, save a square block of polished onyx just beyond the globe, rising about two feet from the floor. This block has a queer trick of lighting up and then becoming dull again, at the same time emitting a low musical note, which is all very nice, perhaps, but gives a peculiar sensation up and down one's spine when watching it, and a feeling that we might be prepared to expect almost anything else to follow this premonition.

There was another curious circumstance about the change thus made in this room. It was only one of many which had taken place there from time to time, and yet no material of any kind had ever been brought here by visible means since the summer when the mechanics had finished sealing the upper story from the outside world; neither had there been any artisans, in the body, who had sought admission from the keeper since that time. Occasionally between the full-moon periods he had thought at times there were signs of motion, noises, etc., in these mysteriously closed rooms, but sagely reasoning that it was no concern of his, he wisely kept silence, and made no investigation. But whatever the seven would be to do here was always surely done.

The preliminary exercises have been finished, and the seven are seated in their order according to their numbers. The light previously mentioned is elevated and piercing.

The presiding brother turns to the professor, and says: "Let us commence; you may operate, and we will assist." The hands are folded, the chin drops upon the breast, and a silence in which the pulsating of the blood in its flow through the heart becomes an audible sound, presses down closer and closer. No motion, not even the breathing, gave the slightest token that these were other than psychic plane.

At the first assumption of this position the great glass globe seemed to cloud up a little in its interior; the filmy mistiness became thicker and thicker, moulding itself into human form, until the likeness of one of Elsie's fellow-students, above the waist, appeared, as if imprisoned in this huge sphere. When the figure had become fully defined, a voice, cleaving the silence as the bow of the ship cleaves the waters, said: "Take thy place as a free soul, and answer as thou seest."

Hardly had the words made themselves audible when the figure, disappearing from the globe, stood at full length on the pedestal of onyx, a misty, gray drapery falling from the shoulders to the feet. Here, standing quite still, the Sin Laeca answered questions—not of her own volition nor of her own knowledge, but from such perception as came to her on the astral plane when thus liberated from the body, and in full contact with the astral currents. At last the shadowy form was dismissed, and at once faded out into nothingness. In a similar manner, one after another, all the members in the class were called, and all responded with a single exception. Nor did there seem to be any particular design or plan in the calling, save the experience of the experiment, for nothing of import was conveyed by either question or answer.

But now minutes elapsed and no sign of substance appeared, either within the globe or on the onyx pedestal. Then suddenly, throbbing in the intense silence, comes a musical sound such as we have mentioned once before. The note of vibration increases in its expression of power, grows stronger and stronger, and still there is no response, and now there comes a sudden hush; words seem to formulate themselves in the air—words of awful meaning. It is such an adjuration as the ancient record tells us Jesus the Christ, the Son of God, could not resist, but obeyed. Hardly had the words ceased to tremble on the air when a

pillar of cloud rested on the pedestal of onyx, not coming, as the other shapes had, through the great globe, but, disdaining bonds, had fulfilled its obligation. The cloud slowly settled into the proportions of a tall, majestically formed man, whose presence could never be mistaken for any less than the Master it was. No sooner had it become fully visible than, with a look of sternness upon its face, and eyes that scintillated like burning coals, taking into its glance, seemingly, the eyes of all the seven at once, it uttered a single prolonged word. The sound was strange and most weird in its effect; it was not loud, but was as piercing and distinct as if it had been. It had a remote cadence, but was as forceful as if pronounced near at hand. The effect of the sound was startlingly wonderful, for on the instant there stood beside each chair a form similar to the one at ease in the center.

"Why have ye disquieted me to bring me hither? Have ye forgotten the terms of the compact with which ye were obligated in the Great Temple, or are ye of mind to forswear yourselves? Ye know whatsoever the neophyte or the initiate may perceive on the astral plane because of the limitations, may be reported to whom they will; but nothing, not even the smallest jot or tittle, once given in charge of the Hierophant, can ever be communicated. Ye have erred in that ye have failed to seek wisdom with your usual discretion. By the obligation of the Brotherhood, I demand release from the power of your wills, which these many days has been overshadowing me; otherwise will the penalty of the violators of compact rest upon you."

As one man, the shapes replied: "We have erred, and we withdraw from all interference with you, both now and in the future. We hear and witness your words."

A moment of intense darkness ensued, and nothing remained visible save the furnishing of the room, as at the first, and the seated forms of the Seven.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Noble Worker Passed On.

At the age of 53 years, Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith, of Brandon, Vt., passed to the higher life, October 8, 1893, of hemorrhage of the lungs, it being the termination of a three years' decline. Expecting her release, as her friends had been, at no distant day, her final sudden departure was yet a great shock to them and to the community in which she was so highly esteemed. In the departure of this exceptionally gifted woman, the community meets with an almost irreparable loss. The limits of an ordinary obituary notice are quite insufficient for a suitable record of the life and services of a woman who had identified herself so thoroughly as had Mrs. Smith with the advanced thought and live issues which have so characterized the present age.

A person of great brain-power, and sensitive to the higher influences, she was at the early age of 16 raised from a state of invalidism to a condition of health, and developed as an inspirational speaker of uncommon power and excellence.

A person of commanding presence, with a voice of great flexibility and compass, she was confessedly for many years one of the queens of the platform. Her field of labor was largely in the State of Massachusetts during her early years of public speaking, though her services were sought to a large extent in the State of New York and its great city, where her efforts were so highly appreciated as to cause to be extended to her repeated calls to settle there, Massachusetts, however, won more permanently her presence, where she was associated in reformatory work with Wendell Phillips, William Lloyd Garrison and Rev. Adin Ballou. Every great movement which had for its object the improvement and spiritual elevation of the masses received her loyal and effective support. For some time she occupied the Unitarian pulpit in conjunction with Mr. Ballou at Hopedale, Mass., where her ministrations were as manna to those journeying through the world's wilderness. Some of her great efforts during her girlhood years are distinctly remembered and cherished by some living to-day, and who were in attendance at her funeral. In November, 1861, she was united in marriage to Dr. Ezra A. Smith, Rev. Adin Ballou uniting them in that sacred relation. During those thirty-two years every public work which received the support of one had also the hearty support of the other.

Until her health failed some three years ago, she has ever responded to calls to present the established truths of Spiritualism, and to officiate on funeral occasions. Queerly and commanding, as she ever was in public discourse, it was at the portals of the tomb that she was regal in her power. Her inspirations were such as to carry hope and consolation to the mourner's heart, and her invocations carried the soul into the higher realm of reverence and holy trust. Mrs. Fannie Davis Smith will be held by thousands in sacred remembrance who were thus blessed by her ministrations.

In social life she was especially winning and entertaining; of rare conversational powers, and always in the use of her common sense, her companionship was something to prize. Tender of heart, having a nice sense of justice, of earnest convictions and the courage to avow them, and intolerant withal of shams, she combined such excellences as are seldom grouped in an individual. Nothing better can hardly be said of such a woman than that she was a noble specimen of American womanhood.

Her funeral was held at her home on Thursday, the 12th, at 2 p. m. The day was one of the perfect days of the year, and the attendance was unusually large, friends from all parts of the State and from Massachusetts being present. The services were conducted by A. R. Stanley, of Leicester, assisted by Mrs. A. W. Crosscut, of Waterbury, and Rev. Mr. Fish, of Rutland.

"Cover me with roses when I die," she once said, and this was literally carried out. She looked in her grave as if sleeping be-

neath a counterpane of roses, and thus amid their fragrance they laid her to rest in Pine Hill Cemetery, beneath the rustling leaves and the whispering grasses of golden October.

That Face on the Wall.

Who could help loving that face on the wall—That face that is sweetest and kindest of all; That face that in kisses we fondly would smother; That face of that angel of peace—of our mother?

We look back to childhood, the days that are gone—Look into the future, the days coming on; But love the sweet present, for now is the time The face of our mother looks pure and sublime.

How faintly in childhood we dream of the pain, How feeble to fathom the worry and strain; How weak to relieve her of part of the load, Our patient old mother, o'er life's rocky road.

But when we are mother or father, 'tis then The truth is just dawning that no one again Could be to her children, through thick and through thin, So faithful and loving as mother has been.

Just look at that picture, that kind, loving face, Just look at the silver now taking the place Of hair that was auburn, those furrows of care, And ask you the question: "What put them there?"

Then question your spirit, question your soul: "What face can more fully and truly console, When trouble and sorrow and anguish befall, Than the face of our mother that hangs on the wall?" —Dr. T. Watkins.

From the State of Washington.

I would like to give a report of a seance held in Seattle last Sunday evening. It was a remarkable event, and marks an epoch in Spiritualism in the Northwest. Two weeks ago there came to this city a California medium—Ben. M. Barney. The gentleman came in a modest way, not heralding his approach in the disgusting manner so common to many of the so-called spirit "instruments." He advertised to hold public test meetings in the Masonic Temple Sunday and Thursday evenings.

It was my good fortune to be present last Sunday evening and to witness what seems to me to be one of the most convincing proofs of the soul's immortality, especially when it is considered that the Temple was filled with a most skeptical audience.

Mr. Barney opened the meeting by telling a gentleman what he (the gentleman) did before coming to the meeting, and wound up the test by saying that the spirit desired the return of the admission money. This the medium did. The skeptic said it was true; that he did not know the medium, etc.

The next test was to a stranger in the city. Mr. Barney read a letter in the pocket of the stranger, giving the full name of the person who sent the letter and receiver of it, also telling from whence the letter came. Walking up to the gentleman, Mr. Barney said: "The letter is in the left pocket of your coat." To the astonishment of all, and the chagrin of the stranger, the medium pulled the letter out of the pocket, and held it up to the view of the audience. This test was received with a round of applause. The stranger, in answer to the question from Mr. Barney, said: "I never saw Mr. Barney before in my life; he could not have known anything of me or of my receiving the letter. I consider it a most wonderful test."

Mr. Barney then took a letter from the platform, passed it to two eminent lawyers present—Colonel Allen and Robert Lindsay. These gentlemen said: "The letter is all right; it has never been opened or tampered with."

Mr. Barney then asked a lady to place the letter in the bosom of her dress, which she did. The medium after a moment read apparently in the air what he claimed to be the contents of the letter. By request the lady opened the letter, and she read the exact words spoken by Mr. Barney. This was an "eye-opener." Mr. B. then took the letter in his hand, and went directly to the lady who wrote it. The lady, by request, said: "That letter was written just five minutes before I came to this meeting; Mr. Barney is a stranger to me; I have never spoken to him on the subject of the letter, or any other subject; I know he could only give me its contents by means of some power to me unknown."

This will suffice to give you some idea of the powers possessed by this remarkable man, whom I consider one of the greatest instruments who ever visited this section. He has made many converts here, and we hope he may find it convenient to visit us often. It is a pity such men as he could not be supported by popular subscription, and remain permanently in Seattle. He would make a world of converts amongst us.

Mrs. Clara Mayo-Stears, one of our best mediums, left us recently for Victoria, where she will preside over the destinies of the Spiritualists there this winter. She has our best wishes wherever she may cast her lot.

Mrs. Lenoir is holding Sunday meetings here, and doing a good work.

Seattle, Wash. WALTER A. HALL.

THE FREETHINKERS' PICTORIAL TEXT-BOOK.

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THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER

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Take Notice
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SATURDAY, NOV. 4 1903

WHITE CITY SKETCHES.

Standing by itself, as it is fitting it should, apart from the noise and fullness of the outer grouped main exhibits...

Never since the world began have there been so many different schools of subject, design and color brought so closely together for examination and comparison.

The whole building is filled with the beauty of ideality, design and execution. While we appreciate all these, we have a strong inspiration that we were not born an art critic of the present day and generation.

We admire the scenes that inspire with enthusiasm, that quicken the breath and accelerate the heart-beats. We don't care whether the perspective is well or ill-done; whether the tone is a whole, a half or an eighth, or whether it is high or low; whether it is full of technique or hasn't any, cuts very little figure with us.

There are also some things that we do not like. We do not like the pictures of human misery and diabolism. It is not enough that they are impressed on the astral light without making an effort to recall them into the current of life?

Nor do we like the so-called studies in color that are the latest fad of certain schools. There may be a deep meaning in the color, but it is a sad and nothing more.

Picture are for the people, who fail to understand the common veiling of many words, no matter how fine or expressive they are; therefore, they ought to speak

the language the people understand. That few do comprehend either design or motive is proved by the sentences we heard and jotted down while listening...

CHRISTIANITY.

What Is It, Anyway?

The Salvation of the World Must Come from Other Quarters.

It is in no cynical, contentious or quarrelsome spirit that we ask this question, but with an earnest desire to know what we are to understand by Christianity when we hear it mentioned among the historical religions which are now being compared, ostensibly with a view to ascertaining which system, or what part of all systems, will constitute the ultimate religion of the world.

If it were composed of any one thing, or any specific code of morals, then we would know how to take it; but it is so many-sided and mixed up and so differentiated—one thing by one sect and another by another of the thousand and one sects, each of whom emphatically declares "the temple of the Lord are we," that it is impossible to get any definite idea of what it is; therefore, we think its advocates have a right to answer our questions, for before it can be accepted as a world's religion it must be so defined and simplified as to embrace the true principles of religion and nothing more nor less; whereas now what is essentially good in it is so covered over and mixed up with arbitrary accretions as to render it fabulous and ineffectual.

We have reason to believe that though at first it was comparatively pure, it suffered from priestcraft from its first conception to the present time. There is a lack of historical evidence of the personality of Jesus the Christ, which is a stumbling block to many; but there is much in the gospels of undoubted truthfulness, which, if properly utilized, would lead the aspiring soul into the true path of duty to God and man.

The best thing we have seen on this subject is a serial on "Cosmology vs. Theology," now running through the "Freethinkers' Magazine," from which we quote a few paragraphs as follows: "While we cannot admit the New Testament writings to be either authentic or infallible, we gather enough from this source to convince us that the striking peculiarity in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth was their freedom from dogmas and creed, and the great prominence he gave to the sentiment of love as one of tremendous force and usefulness in human affairs.

"Now, an organization—such as I think Jesus contemplated when he sent out his apostles on their mission—with branches all over the country, meeting regularly once a week for public instruction and counsel, and manned by qualified persons, would, among its first duties, point out the different ways in which this pregnant sentiment of love would work in a suffering world, so as to abolish evils, not so much by attacking them in their embodiments as by drying them up at their sources, and thus ultimately all the world with happy beings. Knowing the evils of war and standing armies, which, like the locusts of Egypt, feed upon the unpaid labor of the husbandman, the diffusion of such philanthropic principle would soon show itself in efforts to establish international courts of arbitration for the settlement of national differences. The nations of Europe for 1,800 years, although under the religious-political government of the Church, have been in a chronic condition of jealousy, selfishness and hate, breaking out almost constantly into bloody wars. Ineffable and atrocious purposes, has encouraged such wars even between Christian nations. The evil consequences of this ecclesiastical domination is seen to-day in the old world in the standing armies of the

'Great Powers' and their allies, kept up at the expense of the laboring classes, and ready to march into the field of slaughter on the first pretext. There could be no severer condemnation of the Church, not only as useless, but as an evil institution, than the condition of Europe to-day, for having had almost supreme power for so many centuries, it could have molded the institutions of those nations in the interest of the people. But the Church was never Christian—it was Pauline; hence the theater has always been in league with the throne. "Jesus never organized a permanent association, nor wrote one line of theology; but had he lived long enough to found a church upon this grand sentiment of love, no tongue or pen could adequately describe the happiness of the world's condition to-day, after 1,800 years of benign influence it would have exerted in human affairs. But this ideal of a world-wide organization, based upon love as a principle, "was never realized."

According to the testimony of this witness we have no power, nor never have had, any genuine Christianity. The same may be said of Dr. Strong, whose excellent book, "The New Era," we noticed in No. 205. If, therefore, Christianity, as now existing, be spurious, as these and a cloud of other competent witnesses testify, it cannot absorb Spiritualism as it could and probably would have done if it had been genuine, for they would have been one and the same. Neither can it carry forward the progress of the world, because it not only lacks but rejects the dispensation of the spirit, and a reformation in the Church never has been known, and is not to be expected.

Therefore, the salvation of the world, the problem of the age, on which we shall have more to say at some other time, must come from other quarters. The cry has been: "Who is on the Lord's side?" A set of lazy monks and pampered preachers have responded with the results already stated. Now the cry is, who is on man's side? No heartier response can be made to this call than that of "THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER."

Aunt Hannah on the Parliament of Religions.

Wall—I'm glad enough I'm hum agin—im rest I wear my weary brain, For I've seen an' heered so much too much, I guess I've heered in vain. I thought th' Fair was mixin' an' th' Midway made me crawl, But th' Parliament of Religions was th' mixin' of all!

I seen th' Turks agoing round th' Midway in th' Fair, But our minister reproved me when he seen me peep in thair. "Definin' place" he called it, an' th' Turk "a child of sin;" But th' Parliament of Religions took all their heathen in.

It made me squirm a little, to see some heathen's air, As he told us Christians 'bout our faults an' laid 'em out so bare, But thair mighty 'rbes was tellin' an' thair mighty takin' folk. So th' Parliament of Religions clapped to every word they spoke.

I listened to th' Buddhist, in his robes of shinin' white, As he told how like to Christ's thair lives, while ours was not—a mite, "Tel I felt, to lead a Christian life, a Buddhist I must be, An' th' Parliament of Religions brought religious doubt to me.

Then I heered th' han'some Hindu monk, drest up in orange dress, Who sed that all humanity was part of God—no less, An' he sed we was not sinners, so I comfort took, once more, While th' Parliament of Religions roared with approving roar.

Then a Cath'lic man got up an' spoke, about Christ an' th' cross; But th' Christians of th' other creeds, they giv' thair heads a toss. When th' Baptist spoke, th' Presbyterians seemed to be fightin' mad, "Tel th' Parliament of Religions made my pore old soul feel sad.

I've harkened to th' Buddhist, to th' Hindu an' th' Turk; I've tried to find th' truth that in our different sects may lurk, "Tel my pore old brain it buzzes, like its religious man, For th' Parliament of Religions nigh put out th' light I had.

Must I leave all this sarchin' 'tel I reach th' other side? I'll treat all men as brothers while on this arth I bide, An' let 'love' be my motto, 'tel I enter in th' great door. Of th' great Religious Parliament, where creeds don't count no more. —Minnie A. Snell in Open Court.

You Should Read It.

All should read "A Witch of the Nineteenth Century," by Dr. Phelon. Back chapters sent free, to all yearly or three months' subscribers.

Jules Wallace.

A special dispatch from St. Louis to the Chicago Tribune, October 27, states that Charles W. Putnam, whose brother, Lowell Putnam, it is alleged was driven insane by the influence of an alleged spiritualistic medium, Jules Wallace, has had a summons issued against him on charges of telling fortunes without a license, and one for conducting a place of amusement without a license. In addition, an effort is being made to back up a charge of fraud and obtaining money under false pretenses. Prosecuting attorney Estes will do his utmost to get sufficient evidence to warrant an indictment. We hear bad reports from this man wherever he goes. There is not a single medium in Chicago in sympathy with his methods.



Remember, everyone, that on account of our large edition, we go to press early Monday morning. Short items only will be inserted if received on the previous Saturday. We take pleasure in publishing the movements of lecturers and mediums. Meetings, which are doing a grand work, are of local interest only, hence we cannot publish long reports with reference to them. They are too numerous for that. A few lines explanatory of the good work being done are always acceptable. A great deal can be said of a meeting in a dozen lines, giving a "general survey" of the glorious work being done.

D. H. Barrett, president of the National Association, lectures at Louisville during November.

W. C. Hodge, inspirational speaker, can be addressed for engagements at 40 Loomis street, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Hodge is an entertaining speaker.

Prof. Lockwood is speaking this month at 380 Western avenue, this city. His lectures embrace an analysis of those principles of nature that demonstrate continuity of life. These lectures have received the highest endorsement wherever given, and should be heard by all progressive thinkers. Madison and Van Buren street car lines pass at Western avenue; thus avoiding the payment of two fares. Prof. Lockwood can be addressed at 511 Madison street.

E. W. Sprague, trance and inspirational speaker and platform test medium, can be addressed for engagements at 104 Federal street, Allegheny, Pa., care of Dr. Bell, until November 20th, 1893. Permanent address, Newland and Forest avenues, Jamestown, N. Y.

G. C. Love writes that Portland, Ore., is in the midst of a spiritual shower of refreshing through the labors of Ben. M. Barney, Mrs. Barney and Mrs. D. B. Barney. An evening exercise in reading sealed letters. He had one written in an Indian language, just as it was written. He gives the very best of tests. Himself and wife are excellent singers, also. On the evening of October 16, Mrs. Barker gave a lecture to a full hall. She is a fine speaker.

G. W. Kates and wife will speak and give tests in Dubuque, Iowa, during November; in Pittsburgh, Pa., month of December. Would like engagements near Philadelphia, Pa., for January, and en route west for February. Address as per route, or Manitow, Colorado.

Geo. F. Perkins and wife are still at Tacoma, Washington, and can be addressed for engagements at 945 D street. He says: "We are still on the battlefield, firing shots into the ranks of ignorance."

The Illinois Spiritual-Association services, 2:30 and 7:30 p. m., October 15, at Bricklayers' Hall, 93 South Peoria street, were attended by a large audience. Geo. V. Cordingley inspirational speaker and test medium. His answers to scores of written subjects by the audience were to the point, embracing all manner of questions. Many poems were improvised of great merit. His test letters were of a very convincing nature.

W. J. Colville will lecture in Milwaukee, Wis., Sundays, November 5, 12, 19 and 26, for the Spiritualist Society of that city. Arrangements will also be made for lectures on Mondays and Tuesdays. The secretary of the society is Mr. H. C. Nick, 213 Lloyd street, Milwaukee.

W. J. Colville has been meeting with excellent success in Washington, D. C., and Baltimore, Md. In both cities his audiences have been large and representative. He resumes work in Chicago, Wednesday, November 1, on which day his open air and heard made him less skeptical than he had been. Among other things, while in a trance, the medium delivered a poem purporting to be from Samuel Bowles.

E. W. Baldwin writes of a lady to whom he recommended Mrs. O. A. Bishop, 79 S. Peoria street, Chicago, as a medium. She went to Mrs. Bishop, and got magnificent results. Her husband, father, and many more relatives and friends came. They told everything, down to least particulars, and not a mistake anywhere. The first sitting made her a Spiritualist. She says now if she had been asked a week ago what her religion was, she would have said, "I am a Presbyterian," but now she would say, "I am a Spiritualist." She says her happiness has been increased a thousand fold.

W. E. Bonney, of Cherryvale, Kansas, has made arrangements for a debate at that place, on the proposition: Resolved that the teaching and practice of modern Spiritualism is opposition to the teachings of the Old and New Testaments (King James' translation, with its marginal renderings). W. C. Brewer is to take the affirmative on Tuesday evening, October 31. Mr. Bonney will reply on Wednesday evening, November 1.

G. G. W. Van Horn, the well-known inspirational speaker and platform test medium, will answer calls to lecture and give tests. Parties desiring his services can address him at 324 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill. He will give satisfactory reference. Terms reasonable. He will go anywhere in the United States.

After a vacation of three months Minnie Carpenter has resumed her meetings again at Detroit, Mich. She finds there is more enthusiasm than ever there; people are seeking after spiritualistic work, and are increasing each Sunday, and great interest is taken in the work. She lectures and gives tests every large Sunday at 3 P. M., at Fraternity Hall.

John A. Johnstone, the medium, has returned to St. Louis, Mo. His address there is 3321 Franklin avenue. He will open a hall at Thirty-third street and Easter avenue. He would be glad to have any medium coming West to stop and see him.

Bishop A. Beals, who seems to be a great favorite in California, will lecture at Stockton during November. He can be addressed for engagements at 471 Market street. The New Orleans Times-Democrat of October 23, says: "Why Don't God Kill the Devil?" was the subject which Mr. Frank T. Ripley, the eminent spiritualistic lecturer, chose for his text last evening. This makes four Sunday nights that Mr. Ripley has addressed the Spiritualists here, and he has well sustained the reputation that secured for him a recognition with the society of New Orleans. The hall was well filled last night with representative people of the doctrine of Spiritualism. Mr. Ripley is a thought and easy speaker, and held the attention of his large audience from the commencement of his remarks to the close. Mr. Benson, the president of the association, expressed himself last evening to our reporter as more than pleased with the success of Mr. Ripley's efforts to win converts to the belief."

J. S. Pessinger, of Brooklyn, N. Y., writes: "Our spiritual conferences are continually increasing. A. W. Fletcher has been holding Sunday evening meetings in Conservatory Hall, with a full house, and every speaker has been very satisfactory. Mrs. Dr. Blake holds forth at her residence every Sunday evening, for tests, and the full attendance speaks for the interest that attends them. Mrs. Mott Knight gives us some very remarkable slate-writing tests."

The figures following a subscriber's name, on the tag attached to his paper, denote the number of the paper with his subscription expires. John Doe 206—denotes that his subscription will expire with No. 206. Look at your tag—and renew in time, as we cannot always supply back numbers.

An item having appeared in the papers to the effect that Dr. Henry Slade is in jail, etc., G. H. Miller and others certify that when this item of news came out, Dr. Slade had been at Eureka Springs, Ark., several days and was still there and doing a good work. They say: "He is not in jail, but minding his own business. Let every one do the same."

The St. Louis Spiritual Association engaged the following fine array of lecturers for 1893-4: J. Clegg Wright, Willard J. Hill, Mrs. A. M. Glading, for November, 1893; Moses Hill, for December, 1893; J. Frank Baxter, for January, 1894; Fred A. Wiggins, for February, 1894; C. Howe, for March; Dr. Fred L. H. Willis, for April; Edgar W. Emerson, for October, 1894, and Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twigg, who is engaged for nearly all the Sundays of 1894.

The First Spiritual Association of Clackamas county, Oregon, will hold a camp-meeting in New Erin said county, beginning Friday July 6, 1894, at which time the ladies will introduce a special feature in the way of a fancy bazaar. Every lady is requested to assist in this department by donating a block for a crazy quilt, the blocks to be twelve inches square when finished. Worsed goods may be used for one, or silk and satin for the other. Donations of aprons of all styles and sizes, cushions, tidies and any useful or ornamental articles are solicited. All articles will be sold and the proceeds used in securing good speakers for the meeting. To one and all we send this plea for assistance. Articles may be sent to Mrs. Kate Everest, vice-president, Sunnyside; also Mrs. N. P. Thompson, treasurer, 334 College street, Portland, or G. C. Love, 324 Front street, Portland.

THE WAR BEGUN.

The Infernal Catholics at Work.

Ex-priest Slattery lectured at St. Louis, October 27, in Central Turner hall, to an audience that packed the place. His theme was "Anti-Romanism," and from his standpoint he did the matter full justice. Toward the close of the lecture a large crowd gathered on the sidewalk and began hooting. The meeting was brought to a hurried close, and as the lecturer left the hall he was greeted with a shower of rocks. Windows were smashed, and the crowd became a riotous mob. There was a carriage in waiting, and the lecturer and his wife were forced to run the gauntlet of the torrent of abuse and violence. One of the missiles struck the ex-priest square in the back, inflicting a slight injury. He was escorted to the Laclede hotel by a handful of friends and a squad of policemen, surrounded by thousands yelling: "Lynch the apostate," "Hang the villain." Slattery is billed for one more lecture there, and declares it will be delivered if he dies for it.

Mr. and Mrs. Perkins.

We in the extreme north-west corner of the continent are struggling to spread the gospel of true Spiritualism over our State, and have, through the energetic and faithful efforts of Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Perkins, been successful in organizing a society called "The Psychical Truth-Seekers," with Mr. Olsson as president, Mrs. M. J. Flint, vice-president, and F. S. Whitney, secretary.

The charge to the officers and members was delivered last Sunday evening by Dr. Perkins, under grand and soul uplifting inspiration from his spirit guides. We in this beautiful city feel the universal business depression, and the addition of the recent crop-destroying rains, consequently, we are not financially in condition to offer inducements to other good mediums or others to stop with us. But we are doing the best we can to hold up the banner of truth, and welcome all honest workers to our city. We desire to offer our testimony in favor of Mr. and Mrs. Perkins, as honest and thoroughly-gifted speakers, singers and test mediums. Your excellent paper has been introduced by these people, and we are availing ourselves of the opportunity to subscribe. —M. J. FLINT, Tacoma, Wash.

THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER.

It Is Simply Grand!

Muncie, Indiana, October 1893. Brother Francis: I have long wanted to express my opinion of The Progressive Thinker. You have been a close reader of its thought-laden pages since its first issue, and I can best express my whole thought of its list of contributors, for tone of intellect and character, and none left its pleasing and attractive style of management, than The Progressive Thinker. It is simply grand beyond expression. Joseph Wade Mendenhall

PROFESSOR MIVART'S DILEMMA.

Compelled to Recant His Happiness-in-Hell Idea or Be Excommunicated. New York Evening Post: Americans have so generally come to regard the Roman Inquisition as a dead institution that many of them will probably be surprised to know that it has recently passed sentence of condemnation against one of the most distinguished of English men of science. Professor St. George Mivart is one of the few Roman Catholics who until recently have found proficiency in science compatible with adherence to Roman Catholic doctrine; henceforth, however, he must either abandon the conclusions to which his scientific training has led him, or be excommunicated, for the Inquisition and the Congregation of the Index have so decreed. He has been guilty of publishing heretical doctrines of the following nature: In the Nineteenth Century magazine last December he contributed an article entitled "Happiness in Hell," in which he argued that there is nothing in the Bible or in Catholic dogma to warrant the supposition that everybody in hell is actively tormented forever. Virtuous pagans, for instance, though assigned to hell because having lived before Christ's coming, they had not enjoyed baptism, might pass their eternity, even though they were in hell, in comparative comfort. The real hell for them and for every one consisted in ignorance of God's scheme of salvation through the Catholic church—that deprivation being of itself sufficient punishment without the addition of red-hot gridirons and brimstone. Such opinions certainly did honor to Professor Mivart's humanity, though they displayed ignorance of the fixed policy of his church. His views were immediately attacked, decrees and precedents were cited against him, and his opponents plainly enough intimated that if they could not silence him by logic, they had something stronger than logic to beat him with. This was the Congregation of the Inquisition. The dozen cardinals who make up that select committee, with their consultants and qualifiers, proceeded to examine Professor Mivart's articles, and found them worthy of condemnation. The Congregation of the Index, whose duty it is to publish a list of works which, having been judged heretical, Catholics are prohibited under penalties amounting even to excommunication, from publishing, reading, or having in their possession, concurred in this decision, which was ratified by the Pope on July 21, and ordered to be promulgated.

J. J. WATSON.

J. J. Watson, a musical celebrity of New York, was in our city last week, visiting the Fair and holding social converse with his Eastern friends on Manhattan day. Mr. Watson is a genius—a genius in many respects—and he seems to be in perfect accord with the sphere of music and harmony. His soul vibrates in unison with the arisen spirit of Ole Bull, who, as a violinist, was unsurpassed, and who acknowledged while on earth that he was inspired by the immortal Mozart.

Mr. Watson was for many years associated with Ole Bull, and it is natural that the mantle of the latter should fall gracefully upon his shoulders. One evening of last week Mr. Watson consented to give a few friends, at the parlors of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, an opportunity to hear the sublime language of his violin as expressed in music, and to say that all were delighted but feebly expressed the opinion of those present. He enraptured all with his remarkable skill and the tender, sublime pathos that characterized his rendition of several pieces, original and selected.

He has the violin that was used by Ole Bull for many years, and he treats it with the tender care and solicitude that a mother would bestow upon a child. It is a remarkable instrument, and attracted great attention from those present.

Mr. Watson is not only a highly-gifted musician, but he is a frequent contributor to the press, and a great admirer of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER from the start, and we are glad to say that he will sometime during our Fall and Winter Campaign contribute an article to its pages, giving the wonderful efficacy of music as a healing agent, which will prove of great value to our readers. Mr. Watson made many friends during his visit in this city, and they will be glad to see him at any time.

The Parliament of Religions.

We take great pleasure in announcing to our readers the early publication of a work interesting and valuable to all, "The Parliament of Religions" at the Columbian Exposition. Will be issued complete in one large octavo volume, and will be a careful compilation of all of the proceedings—at once a fascinating story and a book of universal value. A narrative of the grandest achievement in modern religious history. The book contains origin of the Parliament of Religions; proceedings of every meeting of the Parliament; speeches delivered and papers read at every session of the noted gathering; the beliefs of the various religious denominations; opinions of eminent divines in regard to the Parliament; influence of the Parliament upon the religious thought of the world. Published by F. T. Neely, Chicago. Price: Cloth, \$2.50; sheep, \$4.00.

The Black Dawn.

There was crying by night, and the winds were loud, Worn women were working a burial shroud; Young faces showed pale as the face of death; And strong men labored in drawing of breath; "She is gone," they said, "aye," they said, "she is gone!" And the night winds moaned, and the hours went on.

But the morrow dawned clear and the world shone bright, No trace was there left of the dreadful night; Young faces looked up like buds of the rose, And breasts heaved free as the full tide flows; "Nay!" cried the lover, "the sun is long How the night winds sigh! Do the hours move on?" —John Vance Cheney.

The first woman's face represented on a coin was that of Pulcheria, the Empress of the Eastern Empire. Almost every Roman city in Italy or the colonies had an exercised the right of coining money of its own. In 1645 the Council and Grand Assembly of Virginia passed an act to issue "quoines," but none were struck. The earliest coinage in Connecticut was a private issue by John Higley, made of copper found on his own farm. The Chinese stamp bars or ingots of gold or silver were used for their fitness, and pass them from hand to hand as coin.

A PEN PICTURE.

Continued from First Page. whose purpose is the infliction of pain and death.

There are spears made for the hands of giants, stone axes and loaded clubs which a Sullivan alone could wield, and the tiny arrows of the pigmies, serviceable only because tipped with the subtle poison of the serpent's fangs.

In the ages past man has been blindly led by his religious teachers. His strife for wealth and fame almost entirely obliterated his spiritual perceptions.

In the new age now dawning she is rapidly becoming an important factor, and in the inventions of the arts and sciences taking a conspicuous place.

The most noticeable of any one display is the African collection, made by Mrs. French-Sheldon, whose explorations were more successful than Stanley's.

There is an infinite display of needlework, laces and embroidery, on each of which a lifetime has been employed.

The Electricity building when blazing with light, seemingly more vivid than the noonday sun, is wonderful in itself, and the suggestion of the possibilities for good from the lightning which has been so recently harnessed.

A view of the Fair would not be complete without a note on the famous Midway Pleasance. That is to the Exhibition what Puck is to the dignified quarterlies.

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S. N. ASPINWALL. Minneapolis, Minn.

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It is highly interesting. Dr. Phelon's story, "A Witch of the Nineteenth Century," should be read by all. Back chapters sent free to all new yearly or three monthly subscribers.

Solon was the first to establish an exact amount of gold for the coinage. Some of the Maccabean coins have the words, "Jerusalem is holy."

ORTHODOX RELIGION

And the Christian God.

Viewed from a Spiritualist's Standpoint.

In the ages past man has been blindly led by his religious teachers. His strife for wealth and fame almost entirely obliterated his spiritual perceptions.

In the old and new worlds that the Christian leaders stood against, wondering how and why they had lost their power over humanity.

The personality of God seems also an unreasonable belief, even from the orthodox standard, and the reasoning mind cannot understand how an omniscient, omnipresent, infinite God can be a personal being.

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ABOUT SYMBOLS.

Ancient Exponents of Wisdom Religion.

Every Temple Had Its Sacred Shrine.

The Inexorable Law of Creative Responsibility.

BY COL. R. T. VAN HORN, In Kansas City Journal.

The careful reader no doubt noticed in the reports from the Chicago Fair the sensation created by a woman's discovery of the key to the almanac of prohibitive peoples of this hemisphere.

It will be seen that this whole ancient system of the wisdom religion regarding the greater and lower mental beings and their symbols were to give him an idea as to the spiritual state.

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The best workmanship on Roman coins was the silver of Nero.

TAKE NOTICE.

Our Fall and Winter Campaign.

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Accepting the fact of the immortality of mind we cannot accept the old maxim of philosophy, viz.: that whatever has a beginning must have an end.

As neither force nor matter can be destroyed, there is nothing to destroy in this combination, the spirit body being material. Hence the immortal ego.

ONSET WIGWAM.

The celebration of the "Harvest Moon" by the Onset Wigwam co-workers at the Arcade was a perfect success. The interior was decorated in a manner which challenged the admiration of all visitors.

On Sunday morning the people assembled to participate in the exercises of the season. Mr. J. H. Young presided, and after singing by the choir, Mrs. Stone—president of the society—made some remarks, giving a history of the movement, which were highly interesting and were well received.

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FIFTY YEARS.

IN THE CHURCH OF ROME. A Remarkable Book.

This is a remarkable work by PATRICK CURRAN, It exposes even to the minutest details the corruption that exists in the Church of Rome. It is a work of 80 pages, and should be read as a matter of history by every spiritualist.

CHAPTER I. The Bible and the Priesthood of Rome. CHAPTER II. My first School days at St. Thomas—The Monk and Cellar.

CHAPTER III. The Confession of Children. CHAPTER IV. The Shepherd who preaches in his Sleep. CHAPTER V. The Priest, Paragon, and the poor Widow's Cow. CHAPTER VI. Festivities in a Paragon.

CHAPTER VII. Preparation for the First Communion—Initiation to Society. CHAPTER VIII. The First Communion in the Roman Catholic College. CHAPTER IX. Intellectual Education in the Roman Catholic College. CHAPTER X. Moral and Religious Instruction in the Roman Catholic College.

CHAPTER XI. Protestant Children in the Convents and Nunneries of Rome. CHAPTER XII. Rome and Education—Why does the Church of Rome have the Common Schools of the United States, and what is the object of the reading of the Bible in the Schools?

CHAPTER XIII. Theology of the Church of Rome: Its Anti-Social and Anti-Christian Character. CHAPTER XIV. The Vow of Celibacy. CHAPTER XV. The Impurities of the Theology of Rome. CHAPTER XVI. The Priest of Rome and his Father; or, how I swore to give up the Word of God to follow the word of Man.

CHAPTER XVII. The Roman Catholic Priesthood, or Ancient and Modern Idolatry. CHAPTER XVIII. Nine Consequences of the Dogma of Transubstantiation—The Old and New Testaments. CHAPTER XIX. Vicegards, and Life at St. Charles, Riviere Boyer. CHAPTER XX. Papal and the "Liberator" The burning of "Le Canadien" by the Curate of St. Charles.

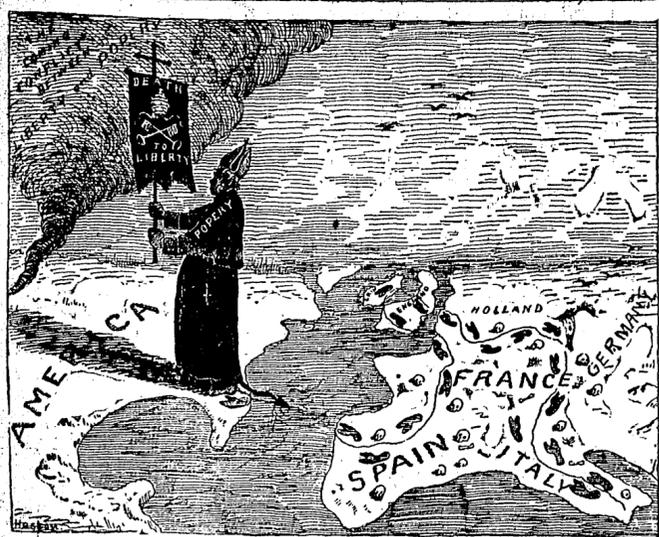
CHAPTER XXI. Grand Dinner of the Society of the Holy Spirit. CHAPTER XXII. I am appointed Vicar of the Curate of Charlebois—The Play, Lives and Deaths of Fathers Bernard and Ferras. CHAPTER XXIII. The Chlores Morias of 1881—Admirable courage and an account of the Priests of Rome during the epidemic.

CHAPTER XXIV. I am named a Vicar of the Curate of Quebec City—The Rev. Mr. Teta—Bertillon—General Cargo—The Sea Kings. CHAPTER XXV. Simony—Strange and sacrilegious traffic in the so-called Holy Scriptures. The Society of the Holy Spirit of Massé made by the sale of Masses—The Society of Three Masses abolished and the Society of one Mass instituted.

CHAPTER XXVI. Continuation of the trade in Masses. CHAPTER XXVII. Quebec Marine Hospital—The first time I carried the "Bon Dieu" (the water god) in my vest pocket—The Rev. Mr. Parent and the "Bon Dieu" at the Oyster Bourse.

CHAPTER XXVIII. I have not space in this notice of Father Cuddey's work to give the heads of the Chapters. Those omitted are of special value. The following, however, are of special value. CHAPTER XXIX. The Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary. CHAPTER XXX. The Abolition of the Priesthood of Rome. CHAPTER XXXI. The Ecclesiastical Retreat—Conduct of the Priests—The Bishop Fillion—Discontinue the Bible.

CHAPTER XXXII. Public Acts of Simony—Thefts and Brigandage of Bishops of Quebec—The Bishop of Quebec—The Bishop of Montreal—The Bishop of St. Charles—The Bishop of St. John—The Bishop of St. Louis—The Bishop of St. Roch—The Bishop of St. Vincent—The Bishop of St. Anne—The Bishop of St. Pierre—The Bishop of St. Michel—The Bishop of St. Basile—The Bishop of St. Eustache—The Bishop of St. Laurent—The Bishop of St. Jean—The Bishop of St. Gabriel—The Bishop of St. Joseph—The Bishop of St. Louis—The Bishop of St. Roch—The Bishop of St. Vincent—The Bishop of St. Anne—The Bishop of St. Pierre—The Bishop of St. Michel—The Bishop of St. Basile—The Bishop of St. Eustache—The Bishop of St. Laurent—The Bishop of St. Jean—The Bishop of St. Gabriel—The Bishop of St. Joseph—The Bishop of St. Louis—The Bishop of St. Roch—The Bishop of St. Vincent—The Bishop of St. Anne—The Bishop of St. Pierre—The Bishop of St. Michel—The Bishop of St. Basile—The Bishop of St. Eustache—The Bishop of St. Laurent—The Bishop of St. 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A DREAM OF POPEERY. FROM THE 'AMERICAN'.

WASHINGTON'S DREAM.

Watchman, What of the Future? The Last Trying Ordeal Not Yet Passed.

"The last time I saw Anthony Sherman was on the 4th of July, 1859, in Independence Square. He was then 99 years old, and becoming very feeble; but though so old, his dimming eyes rekindled as he gazed upon Independence Hall, which he had come to gaze upon once more before he was gathered home.

"Let us go into the hall," he said; "I want to tell you an incident of Washington's life—one which no one alive knows of except myself, and if you live, you will, before long, see it verified. Mark the prediction, you will see it verified. From the opening of the revolution we experienced all phases of fortune—now good and now ill, one time victorious and another conquered. The darkest period we had, I think, was when Washington, after several reverses, retreated to Valley Forge, where he resolved to pass the winter of '77. Ah! I have often seen the tears coursing down our dear old commander's careworn cheeks as he would be conversing with a confidential officer about the condition of his poor soldiers. You have doubtless heard of Washington going to the thicket to pray? Well, it was not only true, but he used often to pray in secret for aid and comfort from God, the interposition of whose divine providence brought us safely through those dark days of tribulation.

"One day—I remember it well—the chilly winds whistled through the leafless trees, though the sky was cloudless and the sun shone brightly, he remained in his quarters nearly all the afternoon alone. When he came out I noticed his face was a shade paler than usual, and there seemed to be something on his mind of more than ordinary importance. Returning just after dusk, he dispatched an orderly to the quarters of the officer I mention, who was presently in attendance. After a preliminary conversation, which lasted about half an hour, Washington, gazing upon his companion with that strange look of dignity which he alone could command, said to the latter: "I do not know whether it is owing to the anxiety of my mind or what, but this afternoon as I was sitting at this very table engaged in preparing a dispatch, something in the apartment seemed to disturb me. Looking up, I beheld standing opposite to me a singularly beautiful female. So astonished was I, for I had given strict orders not to be disturbed, that it was some moments before I found language to inquire the cause of her presence. A second, a third, and even a fourth time did I repeat my question, but received no answer from my mysterious visitor except a slight raising of the eyes. By this time I felt strange sensations spreading through me. I would have risen, but the riveted gaze of the being before me rendered volition impossible. I essayed once more to address her, but my tongue had become powerless. Even thought itself suddenly became paralyzed. A new influence, mysterious, potent, irresistible, took possession of me. All I could do was to gaze steadily, vacantly at my unknown visitor. Gradually the surrounding atmosphere seemed as though becoming filled with sensations, and grew luminous. Everything about me seemed to rarefy, the mysterious visitor herself becoming more airy and yet even more distinct to my sight than before. I now began to feel as one dying, or rather to experience the sensations which I have sometimes imagined accompany dissolution. I did not think, I did not reason, I did not move; all were alike impossible. I was only conscious of gazing fixedly, vacantly at my companion.

"Presently I heard a voice saying: 'Son of the republic, look and learn,' while at the same time my visitor extended her arm eastwardly. I now beheld a heavy white vapor at some distance rising fold upon fold. This gradually dissipated, and I looked upon a strange scene. Before me lay spread out in quiescent vast plain all the countries of the world—Europe, Asia, Africa and America. I saw rolling and toiling between Europe and America the billows of the Atlantic, and between Asia and America lay the Pacific. 'Son of the republic,' said the same mysterious voice as before, 'look and learn.' At that moment I beheld a dark, shadowy being like an angel standing, or, rather, floating, in mid-air between Europe and America. Dipping water out of the ocean in the hollow of each hand, and sprinkling some upon America with his right hand, while with his left hand he cast some

seen a vision wherein had been shown me the birth, progress and destiny of the United States. In union she will have her strength, in disunion her destruction."

"Such, my friend," concluded the venerable narrator, "were the words I heard from Washington's own lips, and America will do well to profit by them."—Wesley Bradshaw, in Inter Ocean Curiosity Shop.

"We Are Seen"

Is the title of a hymn composed by Dr. G. K. Lawrence over fifty years ago, and was copied from a Shaker hymnbook for THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, by E. D. Blakeman. Dr. Lawrence was a very successful physician and a wise man among that very unique people well-known by the above-named contributor.

The general context of the words, or sentiments of the song, show that the author had lucid spiritual views that are in perfect keeping with the more progressive thinkers of Spiritualists, both here in this transitory state and the more elevated, disembodied spirits or denizens of the 'bright Summerland.'

Aside from the close resemblance of Shakerism to Catholicism, in regard to their church discipline, the hymn given below is one of the many excellent things manifest among that truly wonderful community, where brotherly and sisterly love and good-will prevail in a very marked degree, as also does purity of thought and feeling.

"WE ARE SEEN."

"All things here on earth revealed indicate a great first cause, From whose sight there's naught concealed, All omniscient are his laws; Every thought and word and action None can hide the least transaction, We are seen in all we do.

"Mortals here may try to cover And conceal their sins awhile, There's a God who will uncover And expose the deepest guilt; True as heaven's ether existed, Watchmen there their vigils keep; Every veil shall yet be lifted, There's an eye that never sleeps.

"Altho' conscience seems to slumber And resign its sweet control, Yet each deed records its number, Deep engraven on the soul. And from these the soul eternal Takes impression day by day, Whether spiritual or carnal, Good or evil, yea or nay.

"Who can hide a guilty conscience, Fearful state of sin and woe! Who can grope thro' time unconscious, And their standing never show? Who can smother flames unceasing, Keep concealed the gnawing worm; Shame and guilt their load increasing, Nor with inward horror squirm?

"We may seek to veil from mortals Deeds which cannot bear the light; Can we hide from the immortals That surround us day and night? Are not thousands now beholding Every action, word and way, And our very thoughts unfolding In the blaze of endless day?

N. B.—Our contributor thinks the above words will set many people into a line of progressive thought that may do them great good.

Other Mysteries.

To THE EDITOR:—Mr. Neely's explanation of the Lord's shaving with a hired razor is very good, providing he has sufficient evidence to substantiate his statement, although it is quite orthodox. The statement that no good comes from such discussions I disagree with. There are many very important points brought to light which materially aid the cause of light and liberty through such discussions. Is it not doing justice to our fellowmen who have never given such points a thought and have been so prejudiced as to base the salvation of their souls on so flimsy a foundation as nearly all of the mythological ideas propounded? For instance, take Gen. vii., 19, 20, which reads: "And the waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills that were under the whole heavens were covered, fifteen cubits upwards did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered." According to the best authority a sacred cubic is 25.19 inches, and fifteen cubits would be 25.48 ft. Now, Mt. Hercules is 33,610 ft. high, and would necessarily be 19,771.05 cubits high. Now let us look a little for this in the book of Jehovah, which is said by Bible-makers to be speculative, yet they are willing to take him as authority as soon as he gets in Spirit-life. In chapter xxiv., 2, 3, we find: "Thus saith the Lord God of Israel, 'your fathers dwelt on the other side of the flood in old time, even Terah, the father of Abraham and the father of Nachor, and they served other gods; and I took your father, Abraham, from the other side of the flood.'" etc.

Now, then, if Mr. Neely can weave these two passages of scripture together so they will blend nicely, and give correct measurements to correspond, and tell us whether Abraham lived in Mars, Jupiter or the moon at the time of flood, I think he will do a great, good and noble deed, and at the same time lay bare one of the many mysteries which the churches dare not question. REVUE.

Course of Study.

The Young Folks Club for Spiritual Research, which meets during August at the Haslett Park camp-meeting, will have a correspondence school and pursue a course of study during the year. The lesson for October will be the essay on magnetism appearing on the first page of THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, September 30th. Please study it carefully, so that written answers can be returned for the questions sent to each member.

Members of the club are expected to study all essays on magnetism appearing in THE PROGRESSIVE THINKER, and to make it a subject of special study during the year. The following arrangements will be made from time to time. We hope to give a card diploma to every

one completing our course of study. At Haslett Park we will have our graduation exercises.

A cheap book of 200 pages, and 245 illustrations, "Heads and Faces, and How to Study Them," a manual of phrenology and physiognomy for the people, is a good work for us to learn more about ourselves—more about the brain and the mind. If each member of the club who wants one will drop me a postal, I'll send for them, and thereby get them cheaper than 40 cents. We will have it as one study for those who like the book. Our club contains some middle-aged people, and we would like to have many more join. H. E. MARTIN, Secretary. Diamonddale, Mich.

Prophecy.

TO THE EDITOR:—I have been quite interested in your paper of October 14, wherein Prof. J. R. Buchanan places himself upon record in the matter of prophecy.

As a help to the professor and to others who have the gift, I would like to add my mite, and suggest that all who find that they have this gift even in the smallest degree, that they make a record of anything, however slight, which may be impressed upon their minds strongly regarding any future event—not only note the day, hour and minute of the prophetic impression, but also their own internal feelings regarding the same at the time the prophecy is made. From such a record it would be possible for the individual to know from experience what was true, and what might be doubtful.

My reason for this is that all those who are naturally prophets are also sensitive and quite subject to direct spirit influence.

Now, as it is impossible for any spirit to control, or influence any individual except by use of the natural law that governs spirit control, it is obvious that it is possible for prophecies to be made through the same individual by different spirits, using this method to express themselves. (Personally I believe all prophecies come from this source.) As it is a well-known fact now in Spiritism that people do not change just because they die, and that spirits have a direct interest in all that pertains to the mortal life left behind, I hope my suggestions will aid to a clearer, truer expression from that condition of life, by aiding the prophet to a little self-training, from which in time the one prophesying may be able personally to separate the true from the doubtful.

I use the word doubtful advisedly, rather than false, because there are many spirits—like those in physical life—who attempt to forecast the future, but who have not the experience of those more advanced, but in their great desire to aid us on this side fall into the errors lack of trained knowledge brings to us all.

The method suggested will not only aid the one through whom the prophecies are made, but will also aid those in the Spirit-life by the record of their erroneous prophecies.

All of the foregoing is not what I intended to write you at all. I wished to confirm in a measure a part of Prof. Buchanan's prophecy regarding Great Britain: so I will quote from a record of March 14, 1892, and which was addressed to an individual in England whom spirits were desirous of warning and aiding. The individual addressed was one of the nobility by birthright:

"As one who watches behind the scenes, the writer has vision of great and (to those who are of the class to which you belong by birth) terrible social changes in the near-by years. To many of that class shall come death through mob violence; poverty by ruin of investments, and confiscation by change in the method and form of government by a radical change in those who govern. For I tell you history is about to repeat itself, and the Cromwell influence of the time of Charles I. is again to break forth, modified by this day and age of the Nineteenth Century.

"As you are aware, there are many good people among those of gentle birth and breeding, who, in such an hour of trial and trouble, will not know where to turn for aid, and on such for the very reason of hereditary conditions such blows fall most heavily. It is hoped you may now listen and learn what a part of your lifework may be."

Again I can quote on the date of May 5, 1890: "In England, the coming man is Burns of London; back of him is Cromwell with the whole Roundhead influence of another date. There will possibly be no interference here (from the spirit side) as it is recognized the spirit of Cromwell earnestly desires the advancement of the masses; but there will be heartrending changes to many of the present nobility and rulers."

Now, then, I know that on Sunday, September 10, 1898, about 10 o'clock A. M., Chicago time, a spiritual order was given that combines the Crusade spirits under Richard Coeur de Lion with those under Cromwell and the spirit reformers since that date, to concentrate all this grand spirit influence, to bring about a revolution—a complete, thorough revolution—throughout all of Great Britain, and all her colonies and dependencies. With this command went also the instruction to make it bloodless as far as possible.

I might also give some confirmation of Prof. Buchanan's prophecy regarding the approaching revolution in this country, but I am afraid I have asked for too much space already. JOHN K. HALLOWELL, Chicago, Ill. Magnetic Physician.

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